HIS LOVE STORY

By MARIE VAN VORST

ILLUSTRATIONS by RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS.

—16—

Le Comte de Sabron, captain of French cavalry, takes to his quarters to raise by hand a motherless Irish terrier pup, and names it Pitchoune. He dines with the Marquise d'Esclignac and meets Miss Julia Redmond, American heiress. He is ordered to Algiers but is not allowed to take servants or dogs. Miss Redmond takes care of Pitchoune, who, longing for his master, runs away from her. The marquise plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont. Pitchoune follows Sabron to Algiers, dog and master meet, and Sabron gets permission to keep his dog with him. The Duc de Tremont finds the American heiress capricious. Sabron, wounded in an engagement, falls into the dry bed of a river and is watched over by Pitchoune. After a horrible night and day Pitchoune leaves him. Tremont takes Julia and the marquise to Algiers in his yacht but has doubts about Julia's Red Cross mission. After long search Julia gets trace of Sabron's whereabouts. Julia for the moment turns matchmaker in behalf of Tremont. Hammet Abou tells the Marquise where he thinks Sabron may be found. Tremont decides to go with Hammet Abou to find Sabron. Pitchoune finds a village, twelve hours journey away, and somehow makes Fatou Anni understand his master's desperate plight. Sabron is rescued by the village men but grows weaker without proper care. Tremont goes into the desert with the caravan in search of Sabron. Julia follows with Madame de la Maine, whom Tremont loves.

CHAPTER XXIV—Continued.

At night as he lay in his bed in his tent, Tremont and Hammet Abou cooled his temples with water from the earthen bottles, where the sweet ooze stood out humid and refreshing on the damp clay. They gave him acid and cooling drinks, and now and then Sabron would smile on Tremont, calling him "petit frere," and Tremont heard the words with moisture in his eyes, remembering what he had said to the Marquise d'Esclignac about being Sabron's brother. Once or twice the soldier murmured a woman's name, but Tremont could not catch it, and once he said to the duke:

"Sing! Sing!"

The Frenchman obeyed docilely, humming in an agreeable barytone the snatches of song he could remember, "La Fille de Madame Angot," "Il Trovatore;" running them into more modern opera, "La Veuve Joyeuse." But the lines creased in Sabron's forehead indicated that the singer had not yet found the music which haunted the memory of the sick man.

"Sing!" he would repeat, fixing his hollow eyes on his companion, and Tremont complied faithfully. Finally, his own thoughts going back to early days, he hummed tunes that he and a certain little girl had sung at their games in the allees of an old chateau in the valley of the Indre.

"Sonnez les matines
Ding—din—don,"

and other children's melodies.

In those nights, on that desolate way, alone, in a traveling tent, at the side of a man he scarcely knew, Robert de Tremont learned serious lessons. He had been a soldier himself, but his life had been an inconsequent one. He had lived as he liked, behind him always the bitterness of an early deception. But he had been too young to break his heart at seventeen. He had lived through much since the day his father exiled him to Africa.

Therese had become a dream, a memory around which he did not always let his thoughts linger. When he had seen her again after her husband's death and found her free, he was already absorbed in the worldly life of an ambitious young man. He had not known how much he loved her until in the Villa des Bougainvilleas he had seen and contrasted her with Julia Redmond.

All the charm for him of the past returned, and he realized that, as money goes, he was poor—she was poorer.

The difficulties of the marriage made him all the more secure in his determination that nothing should separate him again from this woman.

By Sabron's bed he hummed his little insignificant tunes, and his heart longed for the woman. When once or twice on the return journey they had been threatened by the engulfing sand storm he had prayed not to die before he could again clasp her in his arms.

Sweet, tantalizing, exquisite with the passion of young love, there came to him the memories of the moonlight nights on the terrace of the old chateau. He saw her in the pretty girlish dresses of long ago, the melancholy droop of her quivering mouth, her bare young arms, and smelled the fragrance of her hair as he kissed her. So humming his soothing melodies to the sick man, with his voice softened by his memories, he soothed Sabron.

Sabron closed his eyes, the creases in his forehead disappeared as though brushed away by a tender hand. Perhaps the sleep was due to the fact that, unconsciously, Tremont slipped into humming a tune which Miss Redmond had sung in the Villa des Bougainvilleas, and of whose English words De Tremont was quite ignorant.

"Will he last until Algiers, Hammet Abou?"

"What will be will be, monsieur!" Abou replied.

"He must," De Tremont answered fiercely. "He shall."

He became serious and meditative on those silent days, and his blue eyes, where the very whites were burned, began to wear the far-away, mysterious look of the traveler across long distances. During the last sand storm he stood, with the camels, round Sabron's litter, a human shade and shield, and when the storm ceased he fell like one dead, and the Arabs pulled off his boots and put him to bed like a child.

One sundown, as they traveled into the afterglow with the East behind them, when Tremont thought he could not endure another day of the voyage, when the pallor and waxiness of Sabron's face were like death itself, Hammet Abou, who rode ahead, cried out and pulled up his camel short. He waved him arm.

"A caravan, monsieur."

In the distance they saw the tents, like lotus leaves, scattered on the pink sands, and the dark shadows of the Arabs and the couchant beasts, and the glow of the encampment fire.

"An encampment, monsieur!"

Tremont sighed. He drew the curtain of the litter and looked in upon Sabron, who was sleeping. His set features, the growth of his uncut beard, the long fringe of his eyes, his dark hair upon his forehead, his wan transparency—with the peace upon his face, he might have been a figure of Christ waiting for sepulture.

Tremont cried to him: "Sabron, mon vieux Charles, reveille-toi! We are in sight of human beings!"

But Sabron gave no sign that he heard or cared.

Throughout the journey across the desert, Pitchoune had ridden at his will and according to his taste, sometimes journeying for the entire day perched upon Tremont's camel. He sat like a little figurehead or a mascot, with ears pointed northward and his keen nose sniffing the desert air. Sometimes he would take the same position on one of the mules that carried Sabron's litter, at his master's feet. There he would lie hour after hour, with his soft eyes fixed with understanding sympathy upon Sabron's face.

He was, as he had been to Fatou Anni, a kind of fetish—the caravan adored him. Now from his position at Sabron's feet, he crawled up and licked his master's hand.

"Charles!" Tremont cried, and lifted the soldier's hand.

Sabron opened his eyes. He was sane. The glimmer of a smile touched his lips. He said Tremont's name, recognized him. "Are we home?" he asked weakly. "Is it France?"

Tremont turned and dashed away a tear.

He drew the curtains of the litter and now walked beside it, his legs feeling like cotton and his heart beating.

As they came up toward the encampment, two people rode out to meet them, two women in white riding habits, on stallions, and as the evening breeze fluttered the veils from their helmets, they seemed to be flags of welcome.

Under his helmet Tremont was red and burned. He had a short, rough growth of beard.

Therese de la Maine and Julia Redmond rode up. Tremont recognized them, and came forward, half staggering. He looked at Julia and smiled, and pointed with his left hand toward the litter; but he went directly up to Madame de la Maine, who sat immovable on her little stallion. Tremont seemed to gather her in his arms. He lifted her down to him.

Julia Redmond's eyes were on the litter, whose curtains were stirring in the breeze. Hammet Abou, with a profound salaam, came forward to her.

"Mademoiselle," he said, respectfully, "he lives. I have kept my word."

Pitchoune sprang from the litter and ran over the sands to Julia Redmond. She dismounted from her horse alone and called him: "Pitchoune! Pitchoune!" Kneeling down on the desert, she stooped to caress him, and he crouched at her feet, licking her hands.

CHAPTER XXV.

As Handsome Does.

When Sabron next opened his eyes he fancied that he was at home in his old room in Rouen, in the house where he was born, in the little room in which, as a child, dressed in his dimity night gown, he had sat up in his bed by candle light to learn his letters from the cookery book.

The room was snowy white. Outside the window he heard a bird sing, and near by, he heard a dog's smothered bark. Then he knew that he was not at home or a child, for with the languor and weakness came his memory. A quiet nurse in a hospital dress was sitting by his bed, and Pitchoune rose from the foot of the bed and looked at him adoringly.

He was in a hospital in Algiers.

"Pitchoune," he murmured, not knowing the name of his other companion, "where are we, old fellow?"

The nurse replied in an agreeable Anglo-Saxon French:

"You are in a French hospital in Algiers, sir, and doing well."

Tremont came up to him.

"I remember you," Sabron said. "You have been near me a dozen times lately."

"You must not talk, mon vieux."

"But I feel as though I must talk a great deal. Didn't you come for me into the desert?"

Tremont, healthy, vigorous, tanned, gay and cheerful, seemed good looking to poor Sabron, who gazed up at him with touching gratitude.

"I think I remember everything. I think I shall never forget it," he said, and lifted his hand feebly. Robert de Tremont took it. "Haven't we traveled far together, Tremont?"

"Yes," nodded the other, affected, "but you must sleep now. We will talk about it over our cigars and liquors soon."

Sabron smiled faintly. His clear mind was regaining its balance, and thoughts began to sweep over it cruelly fast. He looked at his rescuer, and to him the other's radiance meant simply that he was engaged to Miss Redmond. Of course that was natural. Sabron tried to accept it and to be glad for the happiness of the man who had rescued him. But as he thought this, he wondered why he had been rescued and shut his eyes so that Tremont might not see his weakness. He said hesitatingly:

"I am haunted by a melody, a tune. Could you help me? It won't come."

"It's not the "Marseillaise?" asked the other, sitting down by his side and pulling Pitchoune's ears.

"Oh, no!"

"There will be singing in the ward shortly. A Red Cross nurse comes to sing to the patients. She may help you to remember."

Sabron renounced in despair. Haunting, tantalizing in his brain and illusive, the notes began and stopped, began and stopped. He wanted to ask his friend a thousand questions. How he had come to him, why he had come to him, how he knew. . . . He gave it all up and dozed, and while he slept the sweet sleep of those who are to recover, he heard the sound of a woman's voice in the distance, singing, one after another, familiar melodies, and finally he heard the "Kyrie Eleison," and to its music Sabron again fell asleep.

Threatened by the Engulfing Sandstorm.

The next day he received a visitor. It was not an easy matter to introduce visitors to his bedside, for Pitchoune objected. Pitchoune received the Marquise d'Esclignac with great displeasure.

"Is he a thoroughbred?" asked the Marquise d'Esclignac.

"He has behaved like one," replied the officer.

There was a silence. The Marquise d'Esclignac was wondering what her niece saw in the pale man so near still to the borders of the other world.

"You will be leaving the army, of course," she murmured, looking at him interestedly.

"Madame!" said the Capitaine de Sabron, with his blood—all that was in him—rising to his cheeks.

"I mean that France has done nothing for you. France did not rescue you and you may feel like seeking a more—another career."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

St, Bride of Ireland.

St. Bride, the patroness of Ireland and of Fleet street, whose feast falls in February, was the beautiful daughter of a bard who became the religious disciple of St. Patrick and abbess of Kildare. The story of St. Bride, or Bridget, fired the Celtic imagination, and in Ireland about twenty parishes bear the name of Kilbride. The spire of her church in Fleet street has been twice struck by lightning and much reduced from the original height, but is still one of the tallest steeples in London. It is supposed to have been designed by Wren's young daughter.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Have a Good Bed.

In Farm and Fireside a contributor, writing a practical article about mattresses and other provisions for beds, makes the following general comment:

"In furnishing a home the housewife should give most careful thought to the beds and their equipment. We spend at least a third of our lives in bed, and it is worth while to make that third pleasant and refreshing. The best mattresses and springs are none too good when one is storing up strength for some work. Besides, as is the case with most household purchases, the best are really the cheapest in the end."

Lofty Stelvio Pass

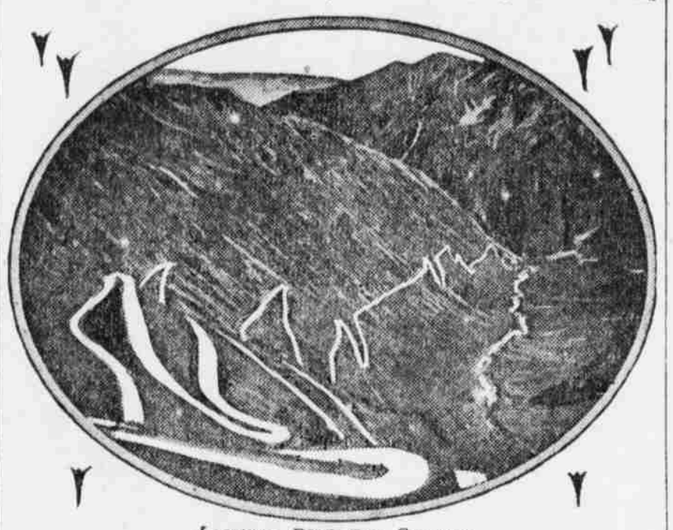
THE entrance of Italy into the European war and the gains she has made thus far on some of the Alpine roads connecting her with the Austrian Tyrol brings into prominent interest one of the highest and most popular of all the Alpine post roads—the Stelvio.

Although this road may not possess the strategic value of some of the other highways of the Alps of which the Italians early in the fighting secured control, to hold and fortify this, one of the best built roads and the highest between Austria and Italy, has long been Italy's ambition, for the reason that it would give her a dominating power over a most convenient route to Landeck and Innsbruck, as well as a clutch on the upper reaches of the valley of the Adige, west of Meran.

Her engineers foresaw that the almost perfect construction of the Stelvio, with its easy grades and excellent roadbed, would enable Italy, once the master of this highway, to rush great quantities of troops and mountain artillery into the extreme western part of the Tyrol, where the natural possibilities for intrenchment are such that it might be hard for the Austrian troops to dislodge her.

The military experts of Austria were not behind Italy in placing a high value on the road and it has long been Austria's determination to hold it at all hazards.

The Stelvio road—called by the Germans the "Stilfaerjochstrasse"—is familiar to many American tourists who have motored over it in traveling from Botzen and Meran, in the Austrian Tyrol, or from the Bavarian Tyrol, via Innsbruck and Landeck, to the Italian lakes, as it presents a very accessible and picturesque route from either of those tourist centers to Lake Garda or Lake Como.



LOOKING DOWN THE STELVIO

"Highest Street in Europe."

The road ascends from the Austrian side of the great chain of mountains dividing that country from Italy, through the beautiful valley of Trafoi and then by an amazing series of zigzag turns or loops in the road—a really marvelous example of roadbuilding and engineering—brings the traveler up over four thousand feet in eight miles and a half, at a very easy and comfortable grade. At the top, or the "pass" itself—for where these roads cross the crest of the mountain this point is called the "pass"—it reaches the remarkable altitude of 9,055 feet above the sea, making it the highest carriage road on the continent, or, as a German tourist has aptly put it, "the highest street in Europe!"

Of all the post roads of the Alps the Stelvio has always been the most popular among tourists during the summer months. Almost any noonday from the middle of June until the first of September one would find clustered around a barnlike hotel at the top of the pass called the "Hotel Ferdinandshoehe" a vast collection of every conceivable kind of vehicle from the most expensive motor car to the lumbering old but picturesque mountain diligence, as well as innumerable "einspanner" and "dreispanner," the comfortable little one and two horse victorias so much in evidence on every Alpine road. Clustered in the none too spacious dining hall of this hotel one would find an equally odd assortment of tourists from every part of the globe, chattering in every known language, making a veritable babel of tongues, with here and there an occasional titled personage accompanied by a retinue of servants, adding a little luster to the gathering, and a sprinkling of Austrian and Italian officers in gorgeous uniforms giving the necessary bit of color.

Where Three Countries Touch.

The top of the pass is a bleak and gloomy place at best, no vegetation at all, nothing but a desolate mass of rock, with snow fields and glaciers stretching down from the mountain peaks on all sides and intensely cold, even in the middle of July and August, after sundown. The pass itself marks almost the exact meeting place of the boundary lines of Austria, Italy and Switzerland. A crude boundary post surmounted by a stone slab with arrows cut in it, pointing to the three countries, has been erected a short distance above the hotel. This spot, known to the Germans as the "Dreisprachenspitze"—the Point of Three Tongues—is a favorite pilgrimage for all tourists, some of whom try to straddle this stone slab that they may boast of having stood in three countries at one time.

At a point just below the top of the Stelvio a severe looking stone building is found. This is the hospice of Santa Maria, or Quarta Contoniera—the fourth refuge station. "Refuge" or relief stations of this type are found scattered along all of these high roads of the Alps at convenient distances, usually about four or five miles apart. They are occupied by caretakers whose business it is to give relief and assistance to travelers caught in the severe storms of the early spring and winter months.

Adjoining this refuge station to the west is the Italian customhouse, and a short distance beyond this building the road becomes a Y, the left branch turning abruptly and leading down to Bormio in Italy, while the right branch, turning to the north, crosses the crest of the mountains by the Umbrail Pass and following soft rolling hills of the valley of Muranza carries the traveler by the new road, the Wormser Pass, down to the Munster-Thal, in Switzerland.

Zigzag Road on Austrian Side.

Standing at the top of the pass and looking back toward the Austrian side one sees the curious zigzags or loops in the road, twisting down the sloping side of the valley to the left as if some giant painter had taken an immense whitewash brush and drawn an irregular streak down the side of the mountain. This is the most difficult part of the pass. Mount Ortler, the dominating peak of the mountain range surrounding the Stelvio, rises in majestic dignity at the right side of the road to a height of almost 13,000 feet.

The Stelvio is rarely open for traffic much before the middle of June in any year, as the snow clings affectionately to all of these post roads of the Alps until well into the late spring. Particularly is this the case with the Stelvio. A late or severe winter keeps the upper reaches of this road blocked to all carriage traffic up to the end of June. Perhaps the Italians had this in mind when they held back their declaration of war against Austria until the latter part of May. Although the Alpine regiments of the Italian army are noted for their prowess and cleverness in "snow work," this kind of surface does not invite the easy transit of heavy artillery.

One Way Out.

The only way to beat your wife in an argument is to avoid having the argument.

Daily Optimistic Thought.

It is madness to live in penury that you may die rich.

The Lantern in the East.

Everybody knows that the Chinese and Japanese are the great lantern makers. In fact, a lantern seems to be an essential adjunct to a Chinaman, and there is a story told of a night attack on a Chinese fort by the English, when every Chinaman took to his heels and mounted the hill behind with all speed. But every man carried his lighted lantern slung over his shoulder, and so formed the best of target for the enemy.

Many nations of the East, besides those more closely connected with Scriptural history, and notably the Chinese and Japanese, carry a lantern at the end of a stick.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Only Way.

Most of us think of the smart retort about ten minutes too late. The spare, apple-faced gentleman in the tube that was bearing its clerkly freight to the city was not one of these. When the train pulled up with a jerk and a human avalanche fell into the compartment he rose with some difficulty and offered his seat to a lady. "Oh, thank you so much," she gushed. "So good of you to give me your seat, but I don't like you to stand up." The gentleman replied with a suspicion of heightened color on his apple-cheek, "Madam, I should like to oblige you in both respects, but what would people say if you were to sit on my lap!"—London Chronicle.

City's Eight Pension Funds.

New York city has eight pension funds. They are the public school teachers' retirement fund, the police pension fund, the fire department relief fund, the department of health fund, the College of the City of New York fund, the supreme court appellate division fund, the street cleaning department fund, and the city of New York employees' retirement fund.

Uncle Eben's Philosophy.

"De man dat sells de dice," said Uncle Eben, "is de only one dat makes sure money out'n a crap game."

The man who takes himself too seriously soon becomes a joke.

ROUNDHEADED APPLE-TREE BORER PEST

Clump of Service Bushes Showing Exit Holes of Roundheaded Apple-Tree Borers.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The roundheaded apple-tree borer, the most destructive of a number of similar pests, causes much damage to apple orchards in the eastern half of the United States. It does not confine its destructive methods solely to apple trees, but feeds on other fruit trees, as well as service, wild crab and mountain ash, which makes it advisable to cut out these latter varieties for a distance of at least a hundred yards from the orchard.

The presence of the borers is easily detected. Sawdustlike castings of a reddish color are thrown out through small holes in the bark as the borers feed. Heaps of these castings found at the base of apple, pear or quince trees are always an evidence that the trees need immediate attention. Frequently an examination of an orchard induced by finding one tree with castings at the base will reveal the fact that many trees are affected and that serious injury has already been done.

Ordinarily the parent beetle lives about 40 or 50 days. It is about three-fourths of an inch in length, light brown in color above, with two broad white bands joined in front, extending the full length of the back; the underparts and front of the head are white. The females rarely fly any considerable distance, so that if the immediate vicinity of an orchard can be kept free from them, there is little danger of a serious infestation.

Worming to Be Thoroughly Done.

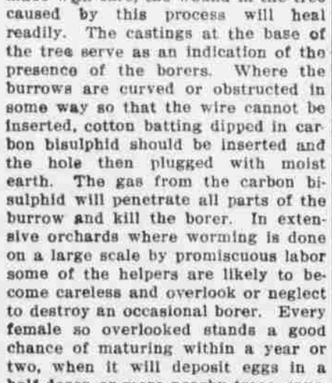
The most common method of ridding an orchard of these pests is to cut away the bark sufficiently to trace the burrows made by the borer. A hooked wire is then inserted into the burrow and the insect pulled out. If made with care, the wound in the tree caused by this process will heal readily. The castings at the base of the tree serve as an indication of the presence of the borers. Where the burrows are curved or obstructed in some way so that the wire cannot be inserted, cotton batting dipped in carbon bisulphid should be inserted and the hole then plugged with moist earth. The gas from the carbon bisulphid will penetrate all parts of the burrow and kill the borer. In extensive orchards where worming is done on a large scale by promiscuous labor some of the helpers are likely to become careless and overlook or neglect to destroy an occasional borer. Every female so overlooked stands a good chance of maturing within a year or two, when it will deposit eggs in a half dozen or more nearby trees, causing thereby a continued and an increased infestation in that particular orchard.

The importance of the following points should be kept in mind by all persons who practice this method of borer control:

1. Borers should be removed from the trees as soon as possible after hatching.

2. Every borer in the orchard should be found and destroyed.

3. Borers should not be allowed to breed in cultivated or wild host trees growing within at least 200 or 300 feet of the orchard.



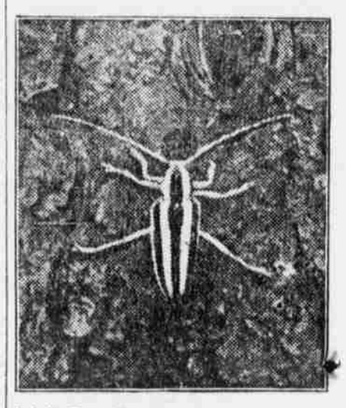
Egg Punctures of Roundheaded Apple-Tree Borer in Bark—Three Punctures Are to Be Seen.

Paint Acts as Preventive.

In addition to worming, as this process is called, paint is often used to prevent the beetles laying their eggs. Pure white lead and raw linseed oil, mixed rather thick, will not injure the trees, and when applied to young, smooth bark, will form a protective coat during the egg-laying season. It is probable that this is a more effective method than wrapping the trees with building paper, cotton batting, cloth or other materials sometimes used for this purpose. Before painting, however, the earth should be removed from the base of the tree for a depth of from three to four inches. The surface of the trunk thus exposed should be first scraped and painted and the earth then replaced. This is necessary, for the beetle occasionally lays her eggs under instead of above the ground.

As the insect in its borer stage lives and feeds under the bark, insecticide sprays cannot be used successfully against it. When the borer has reached the adult stage it feeds more or less on the exposed surface of leaves and twigs and on the moisture contained in the fresh castings thrown out by borers still working in the trees. Arsenate of lead sprayed on trees on which they are feeding would kill many of the adult beetles, but it is doubtful if it would pay ordinarily to spray for the purpose of killing this insect alone, except in the case of a badly infested orchard.

Farmers' bulletin No. 675, "The Roundheaded Apple-Tree Borer," which contains a description of this pest and different methods of control may be secured upon application to the United States department of agriculture.



Adult Roundheaded Apple-Tree Borer Just Emerged From Exit Hole in Bark.

ORCHARD SHADE FOR CHICKS

Ideal Place for Coops and Brooders—Double Use May Be Made of Sunflower Plants.

All will agree that an ideal place for coops, colony coops and brooder coops is in a well grown orchard. There the chicks have shade from the hot noonday sun, but since every farm or poultry yard has not an orchard the question of shade must be given some consideration.

If there is no natural shade, coops placed between rows of sunflowers will provide the chicks shade. Sunflowers grow rapidly, provide good shade and the seeds make good winter food for the poultry. However, if one cannot plant sunflowers and there is no shade for the chickens, muslin or old burlap stretched over high poles will provide shade. Anything that will cast a shadow, so as to provide a place for the chickens to rest in during the heat of the day. Fruit trees always do well when planted in chicken yards, especially when the ground is kept dug up around them. By all means remember to provide some kind of shade to be ready for the warm days, and the chickens will be more comfortable and thrive better.

SEPARATE COCKS FROM HENS

Not Advisable to Kill or Dispose of Valuable Breeding Stock—Large Loss in Handling Eggs.

(By J. A. HELMEREICH, Colorado Experiment Station.)

Many people think that the cocks have to be with the hens in order to get eggs. This is a mistake, and has been demonstrated as such by experiments and practice for the large poultry plants seldom have a cock on the place and their hens will actually lay more eggs without the cock around.

I do not advise you to kill or dispose of valuable breeding stock, but merely separate them from the hens. When we stop to consider that there is $600,000,000 worth of poultry sold by our farmers annually, and that this amounts to as much as the money received for wheat or hay; that 8 per cent of all the eggs sold are lost through careless handling, and that a large per cent of this loss is due to the production of fertile eggs during the hot months of the year, it is easy to see how essential it is to "swat the rooster."

Use Cholera Preventives.

There are hog raisers and feeders who keep hoping against hope that the deaths in their herds are due to other troubles when in reality it is the cholera. Preventives are cheap.

WHEN SUN "DRAWS WATER"

Some Erroneous Ideas That Seem to Have Taken a Firm Hold on the People's Imagination.

When the sun is to the east or west of us on a cloudy or hazy day, beams are often seen radiating from it toward the horizon; then many people say the sun is "drawing water." They actually believe that the lines of light and shadow appearing to converge in the sun are great shafts of water and the vapor that the sun is drawing up into the air to be precipitated later on the earth as rain or snow. These shafts as a matter of fact are generally indicative of coming rainy weather, but they cannot be counted on as infallible signs.

The idea that the sun is "drawing water," however, is entirely erroneous, for the lines seen are the result of the passage of light through openings in clouds already formed. The lines that appear dark are shadows of clouds while the light lines are rays from the sun made visible in the air by the presence therein of dust or watery vapor, just as the dust in the air of a room makes visible the light that enters it through small apertures. —The Pathfinder.

Classified.

"Is that dog a pointer?" asked the ticket agent at the village station.

"No," replied the weary hunter who was returning to the city with an empty game bag, "he's a disappointer."